POWERS OF X

ISSUE 6 OF 6 — HICKMAN/SILVA/GRACIA/CURIEL

MARVEL

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[6.1]

And now we build.

-PROFESSOR X

[kra_[6.1]
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[Xavier_alpha]

[06] POWERS OF X

[ISSUE SIX]......................HOUSE OF X
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[00_learn..]
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X⁰: The X-Men.
Year One.

Good afternoon.

And the same to you…
Are you enjoying the fair?
It seems like the kind of thing I ***should*** enjoy, *and yet…*
…I look around at all these people and know it's just a show for those who ***need one.***
A distraction from what's really going on, if you will.
Mind if I sit?
Please.
So…are ***you*** enjoying the fair?
I am. It seems like the kind of thing I ***should not*** enjoy, *and yet…*
…a little parting of the clouds, a little shining of the sun, and suddenly everything seems right in the world.
Having a good day, are we?
Is it that obvious?
You'd have to be blind not to notice.

In my case, I was just walking through the fair, past the caged beasts and the games of chance...
Past the fortune-teller selling his wares...
"See the magician, the metal metamorph, the great sword and the girl with one foot in two worlds...
THE MAGICIAN
"See the tower, the axis, the pillar of collapse and rebirth, the monolith of ascension...
THE TOWER
"See the devil, the red god and the lost cardinal of the last religion..."
THE DEVIL
Then, at the far end of the fair, I saw you sitting there...
...and I thought to myself...there he is, what I've been looking for...

The strong man.
I'm not really that str--
And I wondered, why, sitting there under parted skies and brilliant sun, was this strong man smiling so?
I was, wasn't I?
Yes.
Do you want to know why?
I do. Very much so.
I was smiling because I have recently had the most wonderful dream.
Of a better world and my place in it.
Well, here's the thing, Charles...
It's not a dream if it's real.

...
I'm sorry.
Do we know one another?
Oh yes.
We go back quite a ways.
Who are you?
Why don't you read my mind, Charles?
Read my mind and **see**.
Ah...

X³: The X-Men.
Year One Thousand.
The Preserve.
-Sigh-

‹This *aggression* is pointless.›
‹My augmented brain is *far more* advanced than yours.›
‹By the time your brain finished telling *your muscles* to move, I had already prepared countermeasures to ensure *your failure*.›
‹Do you have any idea how much faster you would have to be to actually touch me?›
‹Please. Go eat your food...›
‹I mean you *no harm*.›

‹You understand it though, right? They just wanna be *free.* Not locked up here in this...*zoo.*›
‹How could anyone want something they don't know exists?›
‹Wanting to be free would mean they are capable of accurately observing this manufactured environment-- *this system.* We have to keep them enslaved.›
‹They don't want to be free. They don't know what free is.›
‹I think this is simply their nature.›
‹*Nah.* They want to be free. They know what it is.›
‹I make sure to fill their heads each day with stories of revolution. Of the enslaved rising up to throw down their masters.›
‹*You'll* see. ***Give it time.***›
But you have *no more time,* Logan Howlett James.

...
Hrmpt!
That's a neat trick. *Speaking English.*
I'm ***the Librarian.***
Dead languages fascinate me.
Especially ones that haven't been spoken in centuries.
I downloaded it some time ago in the hope that one day we might have an ***honest conversation...***
A nuanced one. For I would not want to be mistaken.
Well, what are you waiting for? ***Get on with it.***
I was waiting for ***her.***

English?
Yes.
Well, that's a *problem.*
It means you've likely been listening to us for quite a while, haven't you?
Eavesdropping.
Observation is one of the *primary reasons* for controlled habitats such as these.
Preservation is--*of course*--the excuse we hide behind. After all, we wouldn't want to see the last group of mutants on this planet go extinct, *would we?*
But if I'm being truthful, the *real get* for someone in my position is watching how the two of you have responded to various stimuli I've introduced over time.
What's that ancient phrase?
I wanted to see what makes you tick.
And how's that workin' out for you?

Conclusions have yet to be drawn...
...but we're nearing them, one way or the other.
You've done well... surviving.
Fortunately you two have the same *blood type*... but still, *the idea of it.*
A millennium of depending on one another to survive...
It is *impressive.*
"*Unfortunately,* it's likely all that surviving is about to come to an end.
"For tomorrow is *Ascension.*
"The Phalanx will descend and absorb the entirety of our post-human society.
"All that we are--all that *we have done*--all that *we have known*--will become one with that *collective.*
"Our lives as separate, sentient beings will be over and we will exist as nothing more than self-aware intelligences in the great hive of the Phalanx.
"Then, we Phalanx will begin our journey to the nearest black hole where our collective intellect will merge with a god intellect--a Dominion.
"One that lives outside of space and time, and what was once our post-human society will exist *forever* as part of that *godhead.*"

The world is ending tomorrow?
It is.
And we're all going to die?
Almost everyone will die. The possible exception is you.
You, I have arranged to send *off-planet.*
Why?
Oh, I think you know why.
From what I've gathered observing you, if you die before our Phalanx makes it to the nearest black hole, then all that ***I know*** will ***not*** become part of the Dominion...
And when you ***annihilate*** this "timeline" or "reality," then you'll be ***right back where you started...***
Knowing what *you know* without ***us knowing anything.***
But if you live past my becoming god...
*...then--existing beyond space and time--**we will know you--forever.***
And I think it very likely we would not tolerate something like you having any power over something like us.

What kinda game you runnin', pal... it doesn't make any sense telling us this.
Why would you--
Let him finish.
It's a fair question, no? Why would I tell you? Why would I be *conflicted?*
My problem is this...I question the wisdom of it. Becoming something that's really just an idea of existence. Something immaterial.
Never touching someone again. Never walking through the woods.
Never seeing the wonders I see with my post-human eyes.
So...
I'm faced with *a question.*
Do I let you die and perhaps in your next life you can prevent our becoming part of the universal machine state--*what I suspect might be a fake existence...*
Or do I send you away and find out for myself?
You want me to convince you?
Yes.
How would you prevent it? With all that you've learned in your many lives, how would you stop us from losing our post-humanity and surrendering to the machines?

Oh, I can answer this one. Maybe we go back and start that revolution I promised a little sooner.
Put a stop to *post-humanity* at the humanity part.
I believe the scientific term is *Homo novissima...*
The end of the evolutionary line. The last man there will ever be.
Your personal memory may differ, but historical records imply you mutants never really saw what was coming.
It's sad, really...
The idea that you were what was next. ***Evolutionarily inevitable.***
We *were.*
We *are.*
Look around you, Moira Kinross.
See the cage.
That's *inevitable.*
Not you being outside of it.

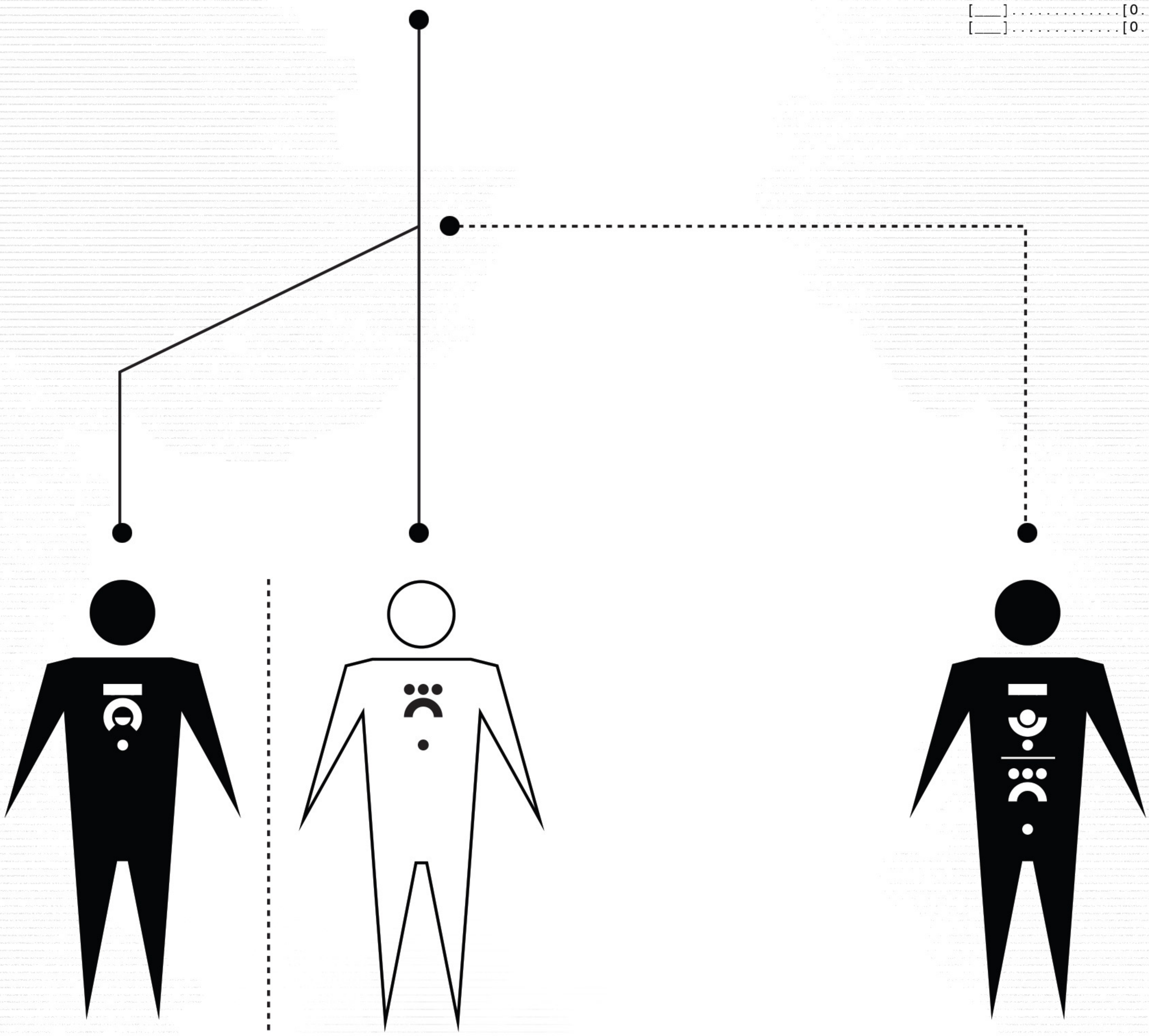
"Mutants are an evolutionary response to an environment. You are... *naturally occurring.*
"The next step in human evolution.
"But what happens when humanity stops being beholden to its environment?
"When man controls the building blocks of *biology* and *technology*...
"Evolution is no match for *genetic engineering.*
"What good was *one mutant* adapting to its environment when we could make *ten super men?"*
You thought it was the machines that would *defeat you*... but we just used them to *buy time.*

"Sentinels bought us *years.*
"Nimrods bought us *decades.*"
I never saw it...
And I guess you never will.
After all, if you aren't capable of recognizing the real enemy you faced...how could you ever defeat them?
Maybe this is just ***how it ends*** for you...
And if you have no real alternative to offer, maybe this is my fate as well. ***Immortality. Divinity.***
As I have no choice but to become a *small part of* ***god.***

THUUNK!
Dear Lord, up in robot heaven, *tell me*...
...was that *fast enough* for you?
THUMP!
All this time...
All this time we waited. To find out why...
And now we know.
So...you gonna *do something* about it?
Yes.

SNIKT!
All right. Send me on my way...
Close your eyes, Moira.
No. My eyes are open, and they're going to stay that way.
Just make it quick.
Don't worry, darlin'...
This is what I do.
And so ended the *sixth life* of *Moira X.*

BRANCHING HUMANITY



Homo superior

Mutantdom is the natural evolutionary successor to humanity.

Homo sapiens

Humanity will reach a natural evolutionary dead end within two to four generations.

[Though humans will still outnumber mutants for some time, the asymmetrical strength of the latter will result in a shift in dominance -- see: The "100 sheep, 10 wolves" argument.]

Homo novissima

Post-humanity is a manufactured branch of humanity not restricted by normal evolutionary constraints.

[The problem with a technology-based post-evolutionary state is the inevitable -- but naturally occurring -- paradigm loop between organic and technological constructs. A machine leap makes a post-human leap possible, and a post-human leap makes a machine leap possible -- on and on until one of these two eventually reaches an end state.]

Ah...
Ahhhhh...
AAIIIEEEE...
AAIII
IEEE!

What... what was...
How...
How?
It's a bit much, *I agree.*
That it cuts at everything you believe, *even* more so...
Still...***hard truths*** are what's called for when dealing with radical realignments to old ways of thinking.
We...we lose?

No. It's much worse than that.
We *always* lose.
Perhaps... perhaps if I were more selective with my future students.
*Or if I make a broader appeal to our **human allies**...*
Surely there's some way to...
Why are you smiling at me like that?

I opened my mind to you--so *you know* that *I know you,* Charles Xavier.
I have loved you. I have hated you. And all the *emotional complexities in between.*
Not once in all my lives have you ***changed...***
Thank you.
It's not a compliment.
You're a ***good man*** who believes in the ***goodness of others...***and it breaks my heart that I have to break that part of you.
But I will break it. Because that's what *has to happen now.*

I know you will fight me...just like your shade, Erik, will fight me.
But this time, I mean for *all of us* to be together.
All of us.
You've been dreaming the wrong dream, Charles...
"...and it's long past time that you *wake up.*"

MOIRA'S JOURNAL

Entry 5 - RE: XAVIER

It's taken months, but after allowing Charles Xavier to read my mind I've successfully recruited him to my cause. Unlike myself, observation has not granted him perfect recall of my past lives, and as I will not permit him to read me a second time, he is now dependent on my interpretation of past-life events.

Eventually, this will not be enough, and I will have to open my mind to him again. Perhaps he will even act against type and do so himself, but all he will be looking for is confirmation of suspicions he might already harbor. And so, regardless of how long our trial alliance lasts, the truth is my best friend.

It's painful how hopeful and idealistic he remains. It's shameful how much he wants to love these people.

He will learn.

—

Entry 12 - RE: XAVIER

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

—

Entry 14 - RE: XAVIER

I have a choice to make. Until now, I have been lying to myself about what I am, and am not, capable of. I believed that I could manipulate these men into doing what I needed them to do without any repercussions to myself.

I know now just how wrong I was. While we have become romantic, it is becoming clear to me that I am breaking Charles Xavier. And if I do break him, how will he become the man I need him to be in the coming days.

My concern -- my paramount fear -- is that I fracture his psyche and eventually unleash something unexpected on the world.

MOIRA'S JOURNAL

Entry 17 - RE: XAVIER

I had a breakthrough with Charles today. For the first time, he has stopped trying to fight me on what humanity is and tapped into the potential windfall of knowledge I represent regarding mutantdom.

He had the most marvelous idea regarding the potential tandem of several mutants and what they could accomplish if they worked in harmony. The only thing we lack is a mutant with the ability to tweak primal matter or give reality as we know it a push.

I have used my expertise in genetic modification to find potential matches for both Charles and me to produce such a mutant.

There are several possibilities.

—

Entry 22 - RE: MAGNETO

Charles and I have successfully recruited Magneto.

As it is with every meeting of ours, I am stunned at the casual arrogance of this man. If Charles is a rock that I have to wear down over decades, then Erik is something harder and less permeable.

With him, loyalty is something that must be constantly earned. He allows for no deviation of intent -- no wavering of belief. The idea that there will not be setbacks, and that his constant anger will remain tamped down, is a fool's dream. I only hope that our consistency of vision, and commitment to mutantdom, will outlast his rage.

One positive thing of note: I have successfully imprinted the idea of stronghold in his mind. Of course, it has always been there, but seeing so many lives where an island, a world or some other celestial body functions as a safe haven for mutants has left an indelible mark.

—

Entry 29 - RE: APOCALYPSE

Apocalypse has made himself known to the world. Knowing him the way I do, and having aligned myself already with Xavier and Magneto, recruitment will not be an option until a much later date.

He is in his raw, primal state and sees the whole world as unfit -- so much so that he will test everything to find something to build on. What must be done now is the avoidance of an apocalypse event and the prevention of certain Omega-level mutants falling under his sway.

MOIRA’S JOURNAL

Entry 35 - RE: XAVIER

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

—

Entry 48 - RE: XAVIER

I have underestimated Xavier’s infatuation with the possibilities of what can be accomplished with mutant genetic material. Without my knowledge -- and against my advice -- both Charles and Magneto have traveled to Bar Sinister and recruited Sinister to our cause.

What is this thing that men do, where they think they can shape the world to their liking -- and bend others to whatever they will? This is folly.

And if what they told me is true regarding their meeting with him, he has produced his first chimera decades early -- and it is Sinister himself.

—

Entry 52 - RE: MAGNETO

We have lost Magneto.

I had hoped -- given the opportunity -- to help make him a better man. Instead all we have made is an enemy.

I am just as bad as they are. If not worse.

—

Entry 57 - RE: XAVIER

I have decided to remove myself from the world. I have become too active a force in this and have put both myself and our great plan at risk.

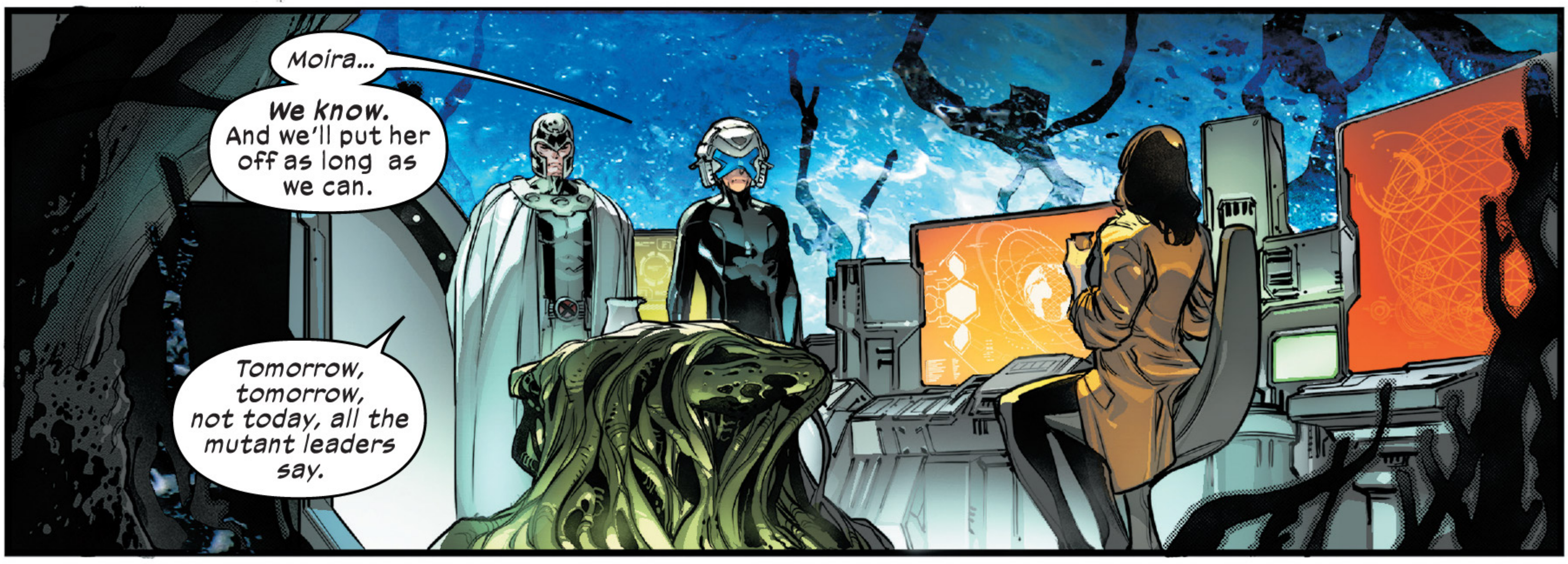
Charles and I will use a Shi’ar golem -- a living husk -- to test our early theories on what can be accomplished with adequate -- and properly prepared -- genetic material and a backup copy from Cerebro.

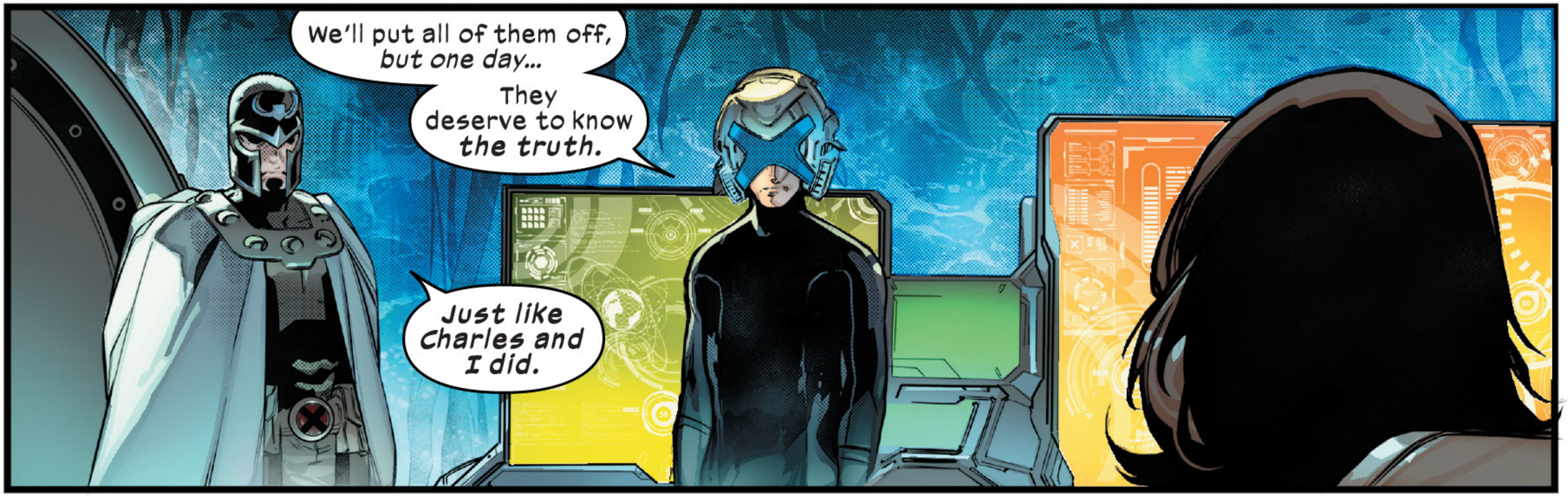
We will fake my death using a replica and I will return to the shadows where I belong.

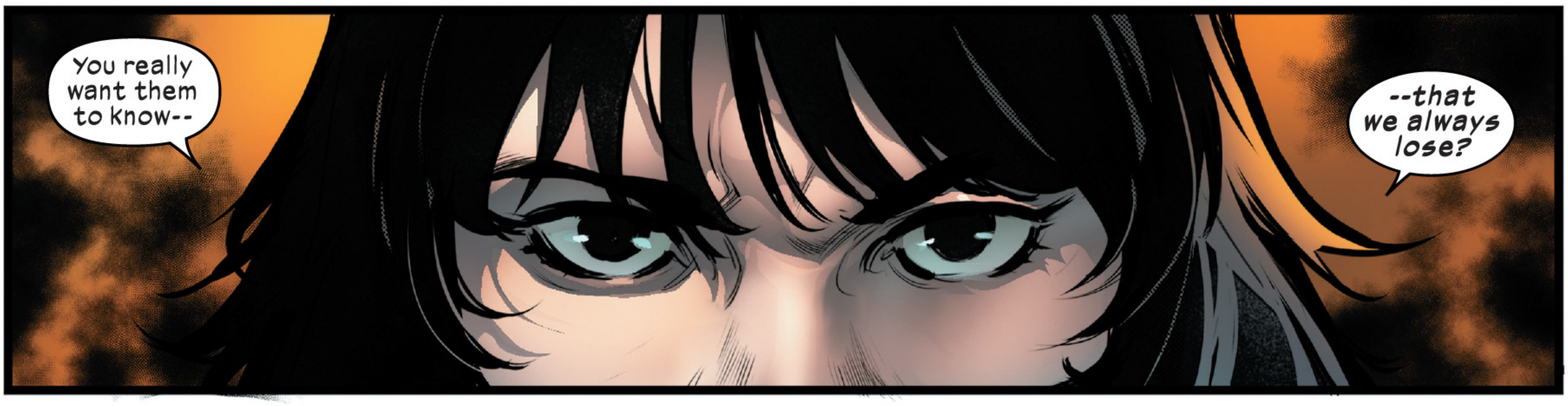
Yesterday.
Krakoa.
Moira's No-Space.
What's that?
We brought you tea, Moira.
There's two ways in and out of my home, Erik. *The door you came through*--which leads to a secret chamber in the House of X...
...and the other--which leads to one of mankind's greatest culinary cities. So I really don't need you to bring me tea.
I have ***other means,*** and we have ***greater concerns.***
Only ***cynics*** refuse the *common kindness of others.*
They say it comes from ***assuming*** there's always *another shoe to drop.*
Ah, so it's ***tea*** and ***other things.***
Can I assume we now have a ***government?***
Yes. The first meeting of the Quiet Council is tomorrow.
We have eleven of the twelve seats filled.

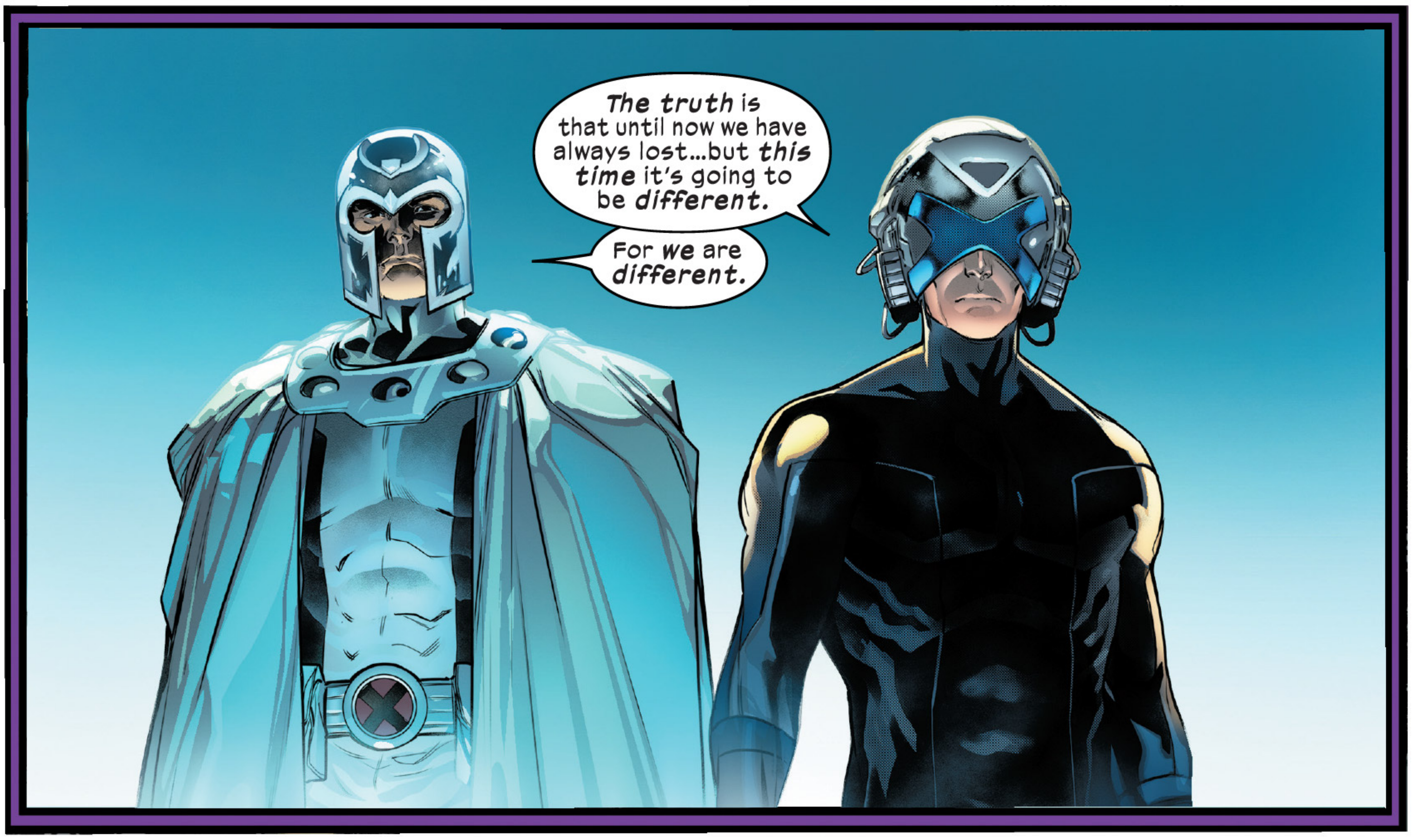
Why not all of them?
Emma Frost has yet to name a Red King.
She's up to something, that one.
We're all up to something, Moira...
But she understands the scale of all this--her as much as any of the others--so she won't be a deterrent to our broader plans.
Who else was named?
Most of it went as we assumed.
Apocalypse sits at the Autumn table with Charles and me.
Jean Grey, Storm and Nightcrawler sit at Summer. They are my children and will do well.
Spring is entirely composed of Hellfire, but as we said, the White Queen loves a tight leash, and she can be trusted.
Winter is... complicated. It's where we parked all of our problem mutants. Besides myself, of course.
We sat Sinister there because we cannot do this without him--so having him closer is better than not.
Exodus has an unyielding code--and we three know all too well the complication an unflinching ideology brings.

And *Mystique* would not agree to join without certain guarantees.
What did you do?
We promised to bring *Destiny* back.
You cannot do that.
We know.
There can be *no precogs* on Krakoa. We cannot--*will not*--tolerate mutants who can see the future.
We know.
You don't understand. She has ways of *seeing me*... and I am a *weakness* because my death ends all of this.
We know.
Do you? What happens if we bring her back and she tells everyone *what she sees?*
What if she tells everyone *the truth?*


Moira...
We know. And we'll put her off as long as we can.
Tomorrow, tomorrow, not today, all the mutant leaders say.


We'll put all of them off, but one day...
They deserve to know the truth.
Just like Charles and I did.


You really want them to know--
--that we always lose?


The truth is that until now we have always lost...but this time it's going to be different.
For we are different.

"And that is all because of *you*.
"There's no *denying* what you have done, Moira.

"You shaped us into this...
"You made us into this...
"We are the perfect tools for an imperfect age.
"You should celebrate what you have done...
"...for you have done it well.

"But now it is *time* for you to *step aside*...
"...and let us do the good work for which we were created."
Just look at what we have made.

And yet the thought lingers...
Is it enough?
This is only the start, Erik, but we have to hope so.
And if it is not?
Then we do... ***more.***
Whatever the ***cost.*** Whatever it ***takes.***
This is all there is, Erik. We ***live*** and ***die*** with this, you and I.
Then I will ***die*** for it.
And if I fall, then you will ***raise me up***--I will show this world what a ***real mutant*** is.
Keep talking like ***that...***and you're sure to *elicit a response.*
I am not ashamed of what I am.
Let them try to stop us this time.

Yes...
Let them try.

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[6.1]

I am not ashamed of what I am.

-MAGNETO

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[Magneto_omega]

READING ORDER

ONE WORLD OF MUTANTS:

POWERS OF X #6:	OCTOBER 9, 2019

DAWN OF X	
X-MEN #1	OCTOBER 16, 2019
MARAUDERS #1	OCTOBER 23, 2019
EXCALIBUR #1	OCTOBER 30, 2019
X-FORCE #1	NOVEMBER 6, 2019
NEW MUTANTS #1	NOVEMBER 6, 2019
FALLEN ANGELS #1	NOVEMBER 13, 2019

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STAN'S SOAPBOX • AUGUST 1969

MARVEL BULLPEN BULLETINS • MARVEL BULLPEN BULLETINS • MARVEL

TO BEWILDER, BEWITCH, AND BED

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Every time one of our sagacious superheroes guest-stars in another mag we get bombarded with the same type of complaints from Marveldom Assembled! "How can Thor be fighting litterbugs with Nick Fury when he's in outer space with Winken, Blinken, and Nod in his own mag?" Or "How can Captain America be trapped by Aunt May in Spidey's mag when he's running a school for teen-age dropouts in his own swingin' stanza?" So, we have two choices. Either we stop crossover guest-starring, or we ask you to permit us a little literary license. If the doings of one of our repertory players in his own mag doesn't seem to jibe with his cameo appearance in some other mag during the same month, let's just say that one story took place a few days before, or after the other, and let it go at that, huh? Anyway, we'll try it for a while and see how it shakes you! (And, if the aforementioned has in any way confused you — welcome to the club!)

Excelsior!
Smiley

since moving out there, Jolly JACK KIRBY has been working faster than ever and is actually getting ahead of his super-human schedule! This means he may have time to handle still another mag within the next year. So **here's** your chance to sound off again, **faithful** one! Which strip is most worthy of the Master's touch? Should we finally launch the INHUMANS? DR. DOOM? KA-ZAR? Or, do you have some other oldie or newie you'd like him to bring to life? Sock it to us, **sweetie**, and we'll let you know how the mail keeps coming in!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

Marvel-ous Mags On Sale Right Now!

STAN LEE
FOREVER

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DUSTIN WEAVER

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From Baaldur, with love...
GLORITH
5 YEARS EXPERIENCE
ADAM & AL